At a Truck Stop on I-80

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At a Truck Stop on I-80

by iamindeeddistressed

Summary

While Sam is in school and John is on his mission, Dean finds comfort where he can.

Salt n' burn, out in Mormon country, his dad had said, handing him the newspaper articles that made up his lead. The '*Take care of it*' was silent, Dean's dad too busy scribbling in his journal to waste effort on talk. The side cases didn't seem matter to him anymore; it was only ever one hunt John was on.

They'd met up for less than an hour, eaten their fast food value meals over a tiny motel table, and then Dean had watched his father drive away to he-didn't-know-where in a stolen Ford F-series.

Dean believed in his dad's mission, and he knew John was as sincere and devoted in it as he had been about anything— but a part of him couldn't help but notice John's path take him south, presumably to a place that wasn't a salted wasteland, to a place where you could buy liquor on Sundays and the girls weren't all either already married or saving it for marriage. *Maybe,* Dean thinks, knowing it isn't true— *Maybe Dad'll make it out to California and check in on Sam.*

Maybe, when Dean was done in Utah, he'd drive out and check on Sam himself. (Not that he'd say hi or anything—Sam wouldn't want him to—but he could make sure Sam was okay, at least.) It had been a month since Sam'd last checked in: a text message. *Merry Christmas.*

Once his dad was gone, Dean cleaned the greasy wrappers off the grey linoleum table and packed his duffel.

His intention, when he pulled off the highway in bumfuck nowhere Wyoming, was to get gas, take a leak, and find a source of caffeine that would keep him going a few more hours to Salt Lake City.

BAR, flickers a neon sign. It's hanging over a second entrance in the same building as the truck stop proper, though Dean can't tell if they're associated businesses or he's just found the world's shortest strip mall.

He considers his options as he pays for gas with a credit card in another man's name.

A bar could mean pool tables, which, more often than less, meant money. Aside from that, hustling was fun; it was a nice excuse to share conversation while making a quick buck. A beer would go down real easy— Besides, tomorrow was Sunday, which, in the great state of Utah, meant no bars. This was his last chance for the next 48 hours.

Holding his coat tightly closed against the cold, Dean slides his card into his wallet and shoves it into his pocket. He gets into Baby, rubs his hands together, and watches the needle on the fuel gauge rise.

He's supposed to be on the job.

And there's another problem.

Dean doesn't exactly make a habit of hanging around truck stops after dark. It's one of those things that you learn pretty quick not to do, especially if you look the way Dean had when he was a teenager, and have to wait in out-of-the-way places like this a lot, and—

Well.

It's not like he was looking for that.

And anyway, he didn't even know if this was a place where people did that.

All he wanted was a drink.

Dean takes Baby to one of the relatively few car-sized parking spots and, after considering the main entrance with its bright lights and promise of canned caffeine, he shoves his gun into his waistband and heads for the bar.

It's a locally-owned joint, small and grimy, paneled in nicotine-soaked wood from the 1970's and populated exclusively by dusty truckers yelling at the football game on tv. The smell is patent, weighing on every molecule of the place, cigarette smoke and stale beer and the musk of unwashed truckers all mixed together in a small, unventilated room. The hair on Dean's neck stands on end after one breath of it.

It's been a while.

He's just here for a drink.

Avoiding eye contact, Dean sits and orders a beer.

"I got his, Rich," says the man a stool away.

"Look, man, I'm flattered, but—"

"—Don't bother rejecting me," the guy says. He's huge— in both directions— but slouched down enough that their eyes are on the same level. He's got a green trucker hat on his head, and a brown

shaggy beard that half-covers a Judas Priest shirt. His ruddy, round face looks genuinely… well, bashful. “I know when a guy’s out of my league. And I don’t usually… I mean, you don’t look like a cop. But It’s not every day a guy who looks like you comes into a place like this. I saw you there and kinda—” the guy moves his massive finger in a circle beside his head. “You know? Anyway. Sorry.”

“I’m not out of your league,” Dean says. “And I’m definitely not a cop. I’m just not…” they both kind of wait for Dean to figure out what the hell he’s saying— “You know. A trucker.”

Mike seems to accept Dean’s euphemism. “—Yeah, well. That’s just my luck. You know, you come into a place like this, a certain time of night, people are gonna assume.”

“Is that right?”

“This asshat bothering you?” Dean turns to find another trucker standing behind him, this one older than Judas Priest guy, grey hair tied into a greasy ponytail, paisley handkerchiefs hanging loose from his pocket. “Need some company?” the guy asks with a bit of a whistle.

Dean should not have come here. Dean should really not have come here. Just because tomorrow was Sunday, and he wouldn’t be able to get a drink in fucking Utah. He was so fucking stupid.

“He ain’t interested, Hank,” says Judas Priest guy.

“He can tell me hisself if he’s interested,” ponytail man replies, one thumb through his belt loop, hips casually forward, inches from Dean’s knee.

“Yeah, I’m, uh— no— no, thank you.” *No thank you???*

“Suit yourself, pretty boy,” says ponytail man, picking up his bottle of beer from the bar top. “You go ahead and let me know when you change your mind.” He winks and saunters off toward the pool table.

Dean tries to shake the heebie jeebies. So much for that pool money. Fuck, he oughta leave. He really oughta leave.

“He’s harmless,” says Judas Priest guy, his voice warm and calm. “Just wants some company himself, you know.”

“Yeah, uh, you don’t mind if I…?” Dean gestures toward the stool

between them, and when the guy shakes his head, Dean scoots over onto it, doing his best to look taken and dissuade any other ponytail guys who might be lurking. His heart keeps beating too fast, so he takes a deep breath.

"You can't blame him, really," says his hulking new confederate. "Guys in this line of work, they get lonely. You gotta understand, driving a truck, sometimes you go days without really talking to someone. Out there, it's just you and the road and the radio, you know?"

Dean nods.

"Start to go stir crazy. Just want anyone with a mouth, to talk to, you know? Heck, start to want anything with a pulse. And like I said, we don't get many guys who look like you in here. I mean. Fuck. Ignore me."

But Dean doesn't want to ignore him. "You come here often?"

His new friend shrugs. "Route brings me through every two weeks or so."

"Are you… popular?"

The guy shrugs. "I do okay. Like I said. I got a pulse. All these guys are desperate, you know. Most truckers don't care much if you're fat, or if you look ugly."

"Don't be so hard on yourself," says Dean, before he can think better of it— but the guy *is* being hard on himself. Sure he's big, but that's not a bad thing— and he's got these sweet little blue eyes. There's something about his manner too, friendly and unassuming. He kinda lights up a bit when Dean talks, like Dean's attention actually matters to him, like it's a compliment just to be spoken to. Dean keeps going. "You're a catch. You've got nice eyes. Like Paul Newman."

The guy laughs. "The salad dressing guy?"

"Hey. Butch Cassidy, come on."

"Yeah, yeah. Cool Hand Luke. I know, I know. That's… very kind of you. I'm Mike," says the guy, holding out a hand.

"I, uh." Several seconds pass.

“You don’t want to give me your name,” says Mike.

“Sorry,” says Dean.

“That’s ok. I’ll give you one. What about John Doe?”

Dean says ‘no’ so fast he must call attention to himself, but Mike doesn’t ask.

“Okay, then. How about Dean?”

“What?”

“James Dean. That’s who you look like.”

Dean takes a moment to be confused by being compared to a mid-century heartthrob. It’s tempting, but the name still hits too close to home. “I, uh, I don’t really see myself as a ‘James.’”

“Alright, then, I give up. What do you want to be called?”

Dean is used to giving out aliases all the time, which is why he doesn’t think before giving the stupidest possible name.

It worked better when it was Agent Plant, or Inspector Plant, or Detective Plant. Not motherfucking Robert motherfucking Plant.

Mike smiles this endeared to all heck smile, and Dean can feel a blush blooming in his ears. “Robert Plant,” echoes Mike, a trucker a decade older than Dean in a metal band t-shirt who definitely fucking knows who Robert fucking Plant is. “I’m a big fan.” He holds out a gargantuan hand to shake and this time Dean takes it. “You know I had the biggest crush on you in middle school?”

“Fuck you, man.”

Mike laughs at him. “Nice to meet you.”

Mike’s hand is huge, and dry, with skin worn soft by hours at the wheel. Before Dean can really appreciate it, Mike pulls his hand away, and they’re back to just talking.

“So. You’re not a trucker,” Mike says.

“Nope.”

“Not even part-time? Seasonal gig?”

Dean's euphemism is coming back to haunt him. He shakes his head.

"So, then, what brings you out here?"

"Business further west. Just stopped for gas."

"What kind of business?"

Dean's getting low on beer. "I'm a, uh, traveling salesman."

"You're kidding. What do you sell?"

"Vacuum cleaners." It was the lie they'd told Sammy when he was little. It doesn't seem to work on Mike.

"Your suit's in the car I guess."

Dean finishes his beer. "Yup." He gestures at the barkeep for another. Nobody questions whose tab it's going on.

"When I left home, I couchsurfed for a few months," says Mike, seemingly apropos of nothing. "Til my friends got sick of me. Then I got my certification. Been driving for the same company over a decade."

"You recruiting or something?"

"Just saying. You get insurance benefits, money. Freedom. I rent an apartment up in Oregon. And I can afford to send my mom a present on her birthday."

"You said it's lonely."

"Not always." Mike's eyes are weirdly vulnerable. "Just, usually. And anyway," he goes on, "isn't being a 'traveling salesman' lonely, too?"

Dean focuses on his beer. "You a big Judas Priest fan?"

Mike lights up, and the conversation gets easier. The second beer goes down easier, too. All night, Dean orders beer after beer, pretending he doesn't know what he's doing, pretending Mike doesn't know, either, both of them pretending they don't know the other guy knows. A couple guys try to make eye contact from across the room; another one even comes up and asks Dean how he's doing, but Dean brushes him off. At one point the ponytail guy disappears into the bathroom with another guy behind him. It's past halftime when they come out again, one at a time, ponytail guy smoking a near-finished cigarette

that hadn't been lit when he'd gone in.

It sends a thrill up Dean's back that he doesn't want to examine.

Dean waits, he smiles, he fingers his beer bottle nervously, that tension in his back refusing to leave, but Mike doesn't seem to smoke, and he doesn't even make a trip to the bathroom, much less hint that Dean should follow him there. He just keeps chatting about music. Eventually, Dean genuinely has to go, so he makes his excuses and slides through the narrow door in the corner of the bar.

Through it, there's a concrete trough urinal, two sinks, and two stalls: one empty, one occupied. Despite himself—like looking at a car wreck, like looking at the face of the corpse you just dug up— Dean looks.

Sure enough, there's a haphazardly cut hole between the stalls.

Dean turns away and takes a piss, the guy who was apparently willing to suck him off listening in the stall behind him.

Mike doesn't come in.

Dean rejoins Mike at the bar. "You got a truck, right?"

"Yeah? I mean, it belongs to the company, but—"

"I'll be outside. You close the tab."

Dean avoids eye contact with the patrons of the bar and makes his way out the door, heart hammering. It's January, and in the middle of the night in Wyoming, that isn't something to fuck around with. Dean draws his dad's jacket close around his body and waits despite the weather, an irrational fear of every trucker who isn't Mike in him, as if they might follow him out here, as if they might try something. Or, worse, as if they might call the cops. A drunk trucker Dean could handle— he was armed and not so drunk he can't point the gun the right direction— but a gun was only a liability as far as cops were concerned.

"Hey."

Dean breathes a sigh of relief as Mike appears beside him.

"I, uh, really didn't think you were, you know. Interested."

Yeah, sure you didn't, Dean thinks, only to immediately feel guilty for it. It wasn't like Mike had put any pressure on him at all. He hadn't even ordered any of the beers for him. "Lead the way, salad-dressing guy."

"You're into some freaky shit, man."

Dean shrugs. "Lucky you."

"Lucky me." Mike gives him a cute little smile and leads him around the building to the truck lot. He climbs into the cab of a big white semi and Dean follows his lead, stepping up into the driver's seat and closing the door self-consciously behind him. He doesn't see anybody watching them.

"Let me get the heat running," says Mike from the back.

"Sure," Dean mumbles, barely paying attention. He's trying to find his bearings.

It's weird, sitting in a seat that isn't Baby's. Just the seat itself is huge, and well-cushioned, and clearly worn into an ass-shape much larger than Dean's. The truck itself is, of course, huge, too. Looking out the front window, what pavement he can see is crazy far away. He's not in a car, he's in a *machine.* Dean feels a bit like a kid who they let sit in the front of a fire engine.

"Never been in a truck before?" Mike's voice asks from behind him.

"I— Can I honk the horn?" Dean asks, thrilled at the size of this machine he's in.

"I don't think that's a good idea."

Dean turns, remembering that cops in rural Wyoming probably totally would come arrest a guy for honking a horn in the middle of the night, and then he sees Mike sitting on his bunk in the back of the cab and— right. There was worse stuff to be arrested for.

Mike sits there watching him take it all in, still slouched like he's apologizing for being there. The bunk is almost cartoonishly small under Mike's large body, even narrower and shorter than a twin bed. There are boxes underneath it and a narrow walkway there from the front seat. There's cupboards behind the passenger seat, and what looks like a tiny closet behind the driver's side. Mike has a bag full of trash hanging near the front seat, and a huge gulpee cup in the

cupholder, but other than that the cab's clean and tidy.

"Hang on," says Mike. He rummages in a box under the bunk and hands Dean a hot pink bra.

Dean starts to get weirdly excited before Mike cuts off his train of thought.

"Close that in the door."

"What?"

"Keeps any hookers from bothering us."

Right. Dean reels in his imagination— no way would the thing fit him anyway—and shuts it in the top of the door. "You had me worried for a second there."

Mike turns almost as pink as the bra. "What, you thought…?"

"No, no. I didn't think anything."

"It's not mine. I mean. It is mine, but. You know what I mean."

"No, I get it. Handy." Dean sits back and surveils the bra hanging in front of the window, then looks over the dashboard. "Like a sock on the doorknob."

"Yeah," Mike sighs, relieved that Dean didn't think he was some kind of pervert, Dean supposes. As if.

Dean looks at Mike, his nervous expression, still sitting there on the bunk with his hat on.

Too nervous himself to leave the front seat, Dean reaches out and slips the hat off Mike and drops it on his own head, which it dwarfs. He poses with a hand on the wheel.

"What do you think, I look like a real trucker?"

Mike shakes his head. "Way too good-looking."

"You're good-looking," Dean counters.

Not enough people have been kind to Mike in his life. He visibly struggles to believe Dean's words. His discomfort makes it easier to stand up and walk to the back of the cab, to soothe Mike by running

fingers through his long, soft hair. Flanked by Mike's thighs, the cold truck cab doesn't feel so cold. Mike's scalp is warm, too, his eyes soft. Mike's hands find Dean's hips and Dean's heartrate spikes in the best way. Mike pulls him closer and their thighs press together. Through their t-shirts, their stomachs touch. Palm at Dean's hip, Mike's fingers nearly reach the small of his back, and Dean flinches away, suddenly remembering the gun in his belt, which was sure to ruin the mood if Mike found it.

"What—" Mike starts.

"Nothing," Dean says, sliding his jacket off. "Just, uh. Wanna get a bit more comfortable. Nice poster," Dean says, pointing behind Mike at the wall, and, as Mike turns to look, Dean slips the gun out of his pants and into his dad's jacket, which he balls up and sets on the passenger seat.

"You like Iron Maiden?" Mike asks.

"Love 'em," Dean says, which is only partly true. "I mean, I mostly listen to older stuff, but Eddy's badass."

"Oh, that's right." Mike leans down and pulls out one of the boxes from under his bunk. He offers it to Dean. "Zepp."

Dean takes the box and sits on the bunk beside Mike. The whole box is cassette tapes. He starts flipping through them. It's not just Zepp— it's also Motörhead, The Moody Blues, Metallica, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Korn, and Kansas. "…Is this alphabetized?" Dean asks incredulously.

Mike shrugs. "I like to know where stuff is."

A kid in a candy store, Dean rifles through the whole box. Mike watches patiently, and, too nervous to do anything else, Dean takes his time.

"Robert," says Mike.

The guy had literally every Metallica album. It wasn't cheap, all these tapes. And this was just one section of the alphabet. He should ask to see the rest of Mike's collection—

"Mr. Plant?"

Dean remembers that he's a rock star for the evening. "Huh?"

"…Are you gonna pick one?"

"Yeah." Dean pulls Houses of the Holy and hands it over.

Mike takes the tape and inserts it into a boom box he has stored by the foot of the bunk. He hits play.

Dean wonders if he can get away with just listening to Mike's music all night. But that wasn't what he'd come here for. It wasn't what Mike had brought him here for. Mike takes the box of cassettes and puts it on the floor. Dean's heart hammers in his chest. He's on a dude's bed, and tipsy, and, in his defense, Mike did look *really* strong….

The music is upbeat, victorious. The real Robert Plant starts to sing. The too-loose hat on Dean's head shifts as Mike lifts it off and rests it on the boom box. They stare at each other awkwardly. Mike squeezes Dean's hand. "You okay?"

Dean nods. The song remains the same.

Mike leans in and presses a kiss to Dean's cheek. His lips are small and warm, and his beard brushes Dean's chin, and it takes Dean's breath away for a second. There's really no reason this person should want to kiss him.

But there's a million reasons Dean wants to kiss— he turns his head toward Mike, angles his chin, gets ready to take the next kiss on the mouth, and as Mike moves closer, it occurs to Dean how easy it'll be to make Mike happy. He smiles and grabs a handful of beard as Mike brings their lips together. He scrunches his hand in deep, sucks Mike in tight to his mouth. He wants Mike just as much as Mike wants him, and if Mike really was thrilled just to talk to him, well. Dean's gonna blow his fucking mind.

Zepp makes it possible. The pressure to talk, to not talk, to fuck, to not fuck— it's all gone. Now there's just kissing, just soft lips and a full beard and wide shoulders and warm hands. Mike is strong and gentle and he feels all-enveloping in this tiny space, this giant man who kept putting himself down, who kept being kind to Dean. Dean does his best to be gentle back— Mike deserves that much, and more.

They kiss.

Mike's face is basically all cheek and beard, his lips petite and soft in the middle of a forest of hair.

Dean can't forget for a second he's kissing a man.

Worse still, he doesn't *want* to forget. Those giant hands find his shoulders and Dean lets them lower him gently down onto the bunk, his head resting comfortably on the singular flat pillow. As he comes to rest, the scent overwhelms him— masculine and musky—This was *Mike,* Mike's whole life was in this cab, in this bunk, and Dean would only get a small taste of it. He gropes at Mike's back— he can't even reach all the way around, Mike is so huge— and then hair is tickling at Dean's neck as Mike kisses him there, sucking gently beneath Dean's jawline and giving him the shivers. Mike's leg between Dean's is fucking huge, forcing Dean's thighs further apart than he's used to and giving him an incredibly tempting surface to rut against.

Dean remembers the bra from earlier, and he considers bragging to Mike, *You know I look good in lingerie?*

Mike's lips find his mouth again and save him from saying anything stupid.

The feel of another person is— Dean doesn't want to think about how long it's been since he's felt another person's lips. It's so fucking freeing to just kiss somebody, just kiss and not have to watch himself, or Sammy, or wait for his dad to call. Just to touch for the hell of it— maybe these truckers were on to something.

Sailors finding comfort in each other; soldiers in a foxhole—They were just finding solace where they could. Whatever was available. There weren't any women on the front, and there weren't any women hanging around truck stops. This was just a matter of supply.

A very *large* supply of very large arms, and very large hands, and probably, you know. Very large something else.

Mike's hand again finds Dean's shoulder, this time pushing gently at his overshirt, and Dean shrugs out of it. Mike pulls the shirt out from under them and lets it fall to the floor. Dean pulls off his t-shirt as well, throwing it down off the bunk, and Mike goes straight for Dean's bare stomach. He licks and kisses at Dean's belly, then moves to his chest. Dean shivers as Mike pulls a nipple with his teeth, the gentle stretch sending heat through his chest down to his balls. Dean runs his nails against Mike's scalp and The Rain Song starts to play, a love song, slow and sweet as Mike tongues at Dean's nipple.

"Oh, baby," Dean sighs, fingers tightening in Mike's hair as he finally lets himself rut against Mike's thigh, dick tight in his jeans.

Mike comes closer, kisses at Dean's neck and then sings softly in his ear. His voice isn't bad: too deep for the song but in tune, soft and breathy in Dean's ear, and it feels like Mike is singing for himself as much as for Dean, both of them in the song, both of them in each other, or wanting to be, Dean groping at Mike's shoulders and Mike's giant fingers fumbling with Dean's zipper.

Mike gets Dean's pants and boxers around his knees and then gets off of him to go rummaging underneath the foot of the bunk. Dean can't figure why until Mike reemerges with a condom— (right, that was probably smart—) The packet crinkles as Mike opens it and tosses it aside. Dean tenses up as the thing gets rolled onto his dick— they were really fucking doing this. Mike leans over Dean's waist. His lips surround Dean's tip and Dean arches his back, refraining from bucking his hips. His hands grapple with the thin jersey sheets, looking for something to grip. Mike's hair and beard tickle Dean's thighs, Mike's mouth sucks firmly and confidently through the condom. Robert Plant sings Over the Hills and Far Away. Hands shaking, Dean releases the sheets and lets his fingers go where they wish— they end up in Mike's hair, not pulling him deeper onto his dick, just playing gently. Mike moans in appreciation, his tongue swirling for a moment underneath Dean's tip before he goes deeper again, taking Dean almost to the hilt — *God,* and this guy was so good, never asking for a damn thing, going down on Dean even though Dean hasn't done a thing for him yet, and Dean feels so fucking safe in this random semi truck's cabin, like monsters couldn't possibly exist in this little 10-foot-square steel-encased living space.

Dean pushes at Mike's overshirt. "C'mon, baby." The guy was still completely dressed and Dean wants a look at what he's working with, here. Mike pops off of Dean's dick in order to get his shirts off, and Dean's body cries at the loss of him, at the sudden cold; he wants Mike to suck him off but more than that he wants Mike on top of him, just to be touched and weighted down by another body, to be held tight and have Mike's voice in his ear again. Mike gets off his overshirt and his t-shirt and Dean almost laughs in disbelief at what he sees.

"Dude, is that Bugs Bunny?"

"Yeah." Straddling Dean's leg, Mike turns his torso to show his other side. "I got Elmer, too."

Dean can't hide his grin. "What the fuck, man."

Mike shrugs "I like Looney Tunes. Always had a soft spot for Elmer.

He didn't know what he was getting into."

"Dude." Dean runs his thumb over Elmer's stupid hunting cap. "You are such a fucking dork."

"Sorry."

"Don't fucking apologize. Bugs bunny is an icon."

Mike shoots Dean a little smile before leaning again over his dick, this time with his own jeans unbuttoned and Dean can't help but try to sneak a peak. Like everything about Mike, the bulge in his boxers is huge.

"Fucking Elmer, man," Dean says as Mike's mouth surrounds his cock again, his hands in Mike's hair. "What kinda guy likes Elmer?"

Mike slides off of Dean's dick again with a sucking sound, the plastic of the condom crinkling slightly off the end. "Are we really talking about this?"

"I don't know about you, pal, but I got all night."

Mike climbs up Dean's body, the skin of his belly rubbing softly against Dean's before coming to a stop. Their lips find each other for a moment— there's a rubbery, lube-y taste to Mike now. Dean can feel Mike's cock properly now, heavy and hard against his thigh. Mike's hair and beard create almost a curtain around Dean's face, and the wall of the truck behind Dean's head basically closes him off to the world outside of this awesome guy with a tattoo of Elmer Fudd chasing Bugs Bunny around his torso.

"Elmer's a monster," Dean says. "He wants to kill Bugs. He's the bad guy."

"He's just a guy. He's just trying to eat."

"Then he can go to the supermarket. He doesn't have to go out and kill woodland creatures. Next thing he's gonna go for Bambi's mom."

"You're taking this kinda personally."

"It's fucking Looney Tunes, man."

"What, is Chuck Jones your dad or something?"

"Fuck off. I'm not— that's—" but then it clicks, and you know what?

he kinda is taking it personal. “I just. Don’t like hunting very much, I guess,” he says.

“Me neither,” admits Mike, who smells really good. “My dad took me turkey hunting once, and I couldn’t even shoot. It wasn’t even a rabbit, or a deer or anything cute. Just a dumb turkey.” Mike sighs. “Who gives a shit about turkeys?”

“You know something, Mike?”

“What?”

“I kinda want your number.”

Dean gets to see Mike’s eyes almost disappear behind his smile. “Really?”

“Don’t make it a thing.”

They find Dean’s phone, and Dean’s heart rate accelerates as a man who’s sucked his dick flips open Dean’s phone and types his name and number into it.

There’s no reason to freak out. It’s not like Mike was typing “Mike Bootycall, from that one time at the truck stop on I-80. Clean truck and lots of condoms;)”. It feels that way though, like someone is gonna see his name in there and *know*.

Dean’s never gonna call that number.

Mike finishes with the phone and leaves it on Dean’s discarded pants.

Dean forces a smile as Mike returns to the bunk. “Come here, you.”

They kiss a little more, but it isn’t long before Mike has Dean’s dick in his hand. Dean can’t handle the unfair division of labor, and after a moment’s hesitation returns the favor, only to almost wither with want at the feel of Mike’s fucking huge cock in his hand. “Want you,” Dean mumbles. “Want you inside me. I want— can we— can you— Fuck me?”

“You done this before?” Mike’s breath is hot and wet on Dean’s ear.

Thank God for arousal, because “Yeah,” Dean admits, and he doesn’t even die of embarrassment. It’s almost a normal fucking thing to say. Then again, it’s completely groundbreaking. It sucks ass. It’s awesome. It’s over.

Mike groans heavily into Dean's neck, clearly having no fucking problem with the idea himself. "Yes, sweetheart. Yes, I can do that for you."

Dean changes the tape in the boombox while Mike recovers lube and another condom from underneath the magic-semi-truck bunk.

"God," Mike says as Dean situates himself on all fours. "You have such a great ass."

Dean wiggles said ass suggestively. "Tell me about it, stud."

Mike laughs. His beard tickles Dean's asscheek as he kisses it. At the cold feeling of lube dripping down his crack, Dean flinches slightly, but then it's followed by a massive, warm finger and he's able to get almost comfortable. Mike continues rubbing at Dean's rim and kissing Dean's ass, back, and sides. "Relax," Mike coos. "Relax, sweetheart."

"Guess I'm just not a very relaxed kinda guy," Dean admits after a few minutes of this.

"I got something we can try," says Mike, and at his direction Dean gets off the bed. Standing buck-naked in the cab of a semi-truck dripping with lube is a whole new not-fun experience, but soon Mike is laying on the bunk and motions for Dean to come straddle him. "Closer," Mike says when Dean mounts his waist. "I want you to fuck my mouth."

Dean stops functioning for a second before moving as quickly as he can closer to Mike's face. "And how exactly is that gonna help my ass?"

"It's to get you to relax," Mike explains.

"You're the expert," Dean concedes, scooting up until he's sitting on Mike's chest. Mike's arms wrap around Dean's ass to rub at his back, in a posture which is already way more relaxing than doggy-style had been. Mike's hands cover an asscheek each in warm, soft skin, and Dean doesn't even have to fuck Mike's mouth, Mike is the one who pulls Dean's hips forward, angling his own head and mouth around Dean's cock and slowly inserting it into himself. Mike's face is relaxed and happy, like he could just fall asleep in bed sucking Dean's cock, like Dean's cock was the mouth of a lover he hadn't seen in many years and who he now wished more than anything to hold tight and close.

“Fuck,” Dean whispers, thinking this is just about the sexiest thing that’s ever happened to him. Then Mike’s finger rubs at his rim and *“Fuck,”* Dean moans as a new sexiest thing immediately outranks it. Dean rests his arms high against the wall of the semi, relaxing his hips and letting Mike move him forward as back as he likes, the gentle sucking pulling him in, the massive hand on his ass pulling him out again, the finger on his rim teasing, teasing.

“God, baby, I want your cock,” Dean moans as he fucks Mike’s mouth. “God.”

Mike’s finger slips into his hole and shivers run up Dean’s back. He’s never had anyone want him in quite this way before. Mike seemed to really enjoy getting him there— Hell, he seemed more relaxed than Dean, and he was doing all the work. For a moment it’s kind of like having sex with himself— like, *oh, this is what it’s like on this side.*

“What the fuck,” Dean whispers against the cold plastic wall.

Mike pulls Dean’s cock out of his mouth, palming his ass like a basketball, finger still inside him. “You good?”

“Yes. Fuck. Put it back, put it back, fuck— *Fuck.”* Dean relaxes his hips as Mike sucks his cock back into his mouth.

Mike’s finger explores him slowly and gently, gradually moving inward while stretching at Dean’s rim. The sound of the lube and Mike’s spit is quiet and gentle and Dean relaxes enough to listen to Robert Plant, his rough voice traveling up the scale, the emotion and desire and —*good—fuck*—damn *good*— “Coming,” he warns Mike. “Fuck.” Mike’s finger is rubbing against Dean’s G-spot in a way that’s too damn good to be allowed and Dean can feel the orgasm coming, the wave building just under the pad of Mike’s finger. Too happy as he is to either try and stave off orgasm or try to come faster, Dean stays relaxed as Mike graciously keeps sucking him until he slides easily into orgasm. He tenses up, dick spasming against Mike’s tongue, ass clenching against his finger, pleasure spiking through his belly, his balls, his breathing coming rough and ready, cold dry air in his lungs. Gasping, hands gripping at Mike’s hair, Dean leans back— he doesn’t even come down, really, he’s still on his orgasmic high, but he leans back, out of Mike’s mouth and further onto Mike’s finger, wants it deeper, just wants to keep the good feeling going, but his dick can’t keep up. He whines in frustration as the high fades. Below him, Mike’s massive chest is heaving, pressing Dean’s balls up, then letting them down again.

“You good?” Dean checks.

“You— yeah. You?”

“Wanna keep you inside me all night.”

Mike’s smile is sweet. He nods. “I’ll do my best.”

“Fuck yeah, you will.”

They kiss, their mouths wet and open, Mike clearly being driven a little bit crazy, though of course he wouldn’t say so. Dean feels a little crazy himself. He slides the used condom off himself without pulling away from Mike’s mouth, without creating any need for Mike’s finger to leave him— he’d meant what he’d said. He wants Mike in him, on him, around him. He wants to get rid of his self altogether and just enjoy this, not as Dean Winchester—Dean Winchester wouldn’t do something like this—now he’s just a body, a body full of pleasure, and by God, he’ll ride that feeling til he passes out. He ties the condom off and drops it to the floor, letting his hands now explore Mike’s long hair, letting his hips move in rhythm with the finger inside him— it had been a bit much, too much to enjoy for a minute there after coming, but now it was starting to feel good again.

“Fuck,” Mike gasps when they come up for air. “You are so— fuck.”

Dean noses against Mike’s beard, he kisses beard and cheek and eventually finds ear. “Tell me what you want,” he says. “I’ll do whatever you want, baby. You want me to suck you? You wanna fuck me? Dress me up, tie me up, beat me up, hang me from the ceiling and spank my slutty ass til I beg for your cum?”

Mike shivers.

“Whatever you want, baby.”

“Sweetheart.”

“Say the word.”

Mike pants a little longer, his finger too-still now inside Dean’s ass. “You got a big imagination, sweetheart.”

“Don’t you?” Dean leans up a bit so he can see Mike’s face. He brushes hair out of Mike’s eyes gently. Mike squeezes his ass, more grounding than sexy. He shakes his head gently.

“Maybe if I could think at all.”

“Try.” Dean hovers above Mike’s lips carefully.

“Wanna fuck you,” Mike whispers.

Dean nods, keeping their lips close but not touching. He can feel the blood rushing to his cheeks of all places and hopes they’re too close for Mike to see him blush. “Do it, then.”

Mike’s finger slides slowly out of him and Dean feels painfully empty without it. Mike’s hands find Dean’s hips and pull him slowly downward. The wet tip of Mike’s cock hits Dean’s asscheek and Dean shifts his hips, angling his hole onto Mike, then Mike’s pushing into him, Dean’s ass is stretching, and *fuck,* it feels good.

Mike is too big— they have to stop for a second to get more lube, take it slowly, stretch Dean to his limit.

“You okay?” Mike keeps whispering. “You okay, sweetheart?”

Dean’s not about to give up.

It takes a while, a lot of awkward pauses and a few kissing breaks and short, whispered discussions about how bad they wanna fuck and how good it was gonna be, and then finally, they get the head in.

“Fuck, baby.”

“Alright?”

“Fucking *Stairway to Heaven,* baby. Fucking *Freebird.* Fuck. You can— I’m gonna—“ Dean lowers himself slowly, panting from the strain of kneeling for so long, and over a not-insubstantial guy. Now that they’re past the head, it’s smooth sailing to get himself down, down, until his ass is on Mike’s thighs and his dick hovers just above Mike’s stomach. Mike’s dick is huge, and Dean takes a moment to wait for his eyes to stop watering, for his thighs to relax after holding him up for so long.

“Water?” Mike asks.

“What?”

Lying flat on the bed, dick in Dean’s ass, Mike reaches over to the wall, opens up a mini fridge, and pulls out a bottle of water. He offers it to Dean.

Dean laughs. Fucking awesome. He takes the water and chugs it, feeling pretty good about the moment of relaxation, the fucking giant hard cock inside of him, the way he was impaled on it, his chest and neck on display for Mike to look at as he leans back to drink, nipples hard and perky as anything in the cold. He finishes the bottle, lets his mouth hang open, and pants some more. He squeezes his rim around Mike's cock as a 'thank you.' "You?" he asks, in case Mike needs a break.

Mike shakes his head. "I'm good."

"You sure?"

"Real fucking sure."

Dean grins and lifts himself back up onto his legs. "You gonna fuck me, baby? Gonna show me what you're made of?"

Mike curses lowly. Skin slaps as Mike thrusts back into him, so fucking big Dean's forced to move up and away, though all he wants is to go down, to relax back down and take all of Mike as hard as he can.

"Easy," Dean mutters. "You got me, baby. You got me."

Mike's hands hold Dean steady as they get into the rhythm of fucking, Mike going more gently, everything feeling harder than it is because Mike's so fucking big that he can't *not* press on Dean's g-spot, ha can't not hit everything inside Dean with every motion. Dean rides him slowly, letting it feel good, letting it just feel fucking good for a minute and nothing else matters in the world except for this good feeling.

For the second time that night, Dean relaxes. It's been a few minutes, so he's hard again, dick bouncing as he rides Mike's cock, balls stuffed against Mike's skin, hole open and hungry and full and fucking alive.

Dean curses and leans back, changes the angle of his hips to get Mike's cock even deeper. He has to put one hand on the wall and the other against what might be the freaking microwave behind the passenger seat. He balances himself there and it feels fucking fantastic.

"Baby," Mike pants. "Sweetheart."

"Yeah, baby?"

"Can we— can I— let's— back to doggy?"

Dean feels the corner of his mouth turn up. He looks down at Mike's red cheeks. "You wanna fuck me, baby?"

Mike groans.

"You wanna fuck me hard? Make me squeal?"

Mike pants like he's gonna come. "Yes. Fuck."

"Alright, baby. Since you're gonna be good to me." Dean slowly slides himself off Mike's dick, then kneels facing the foot of the bed, finding himself face-to-face with another Iron Maiden poster. Eddy the skeleton grins at him, eyes glowing as Dean lets Mike line up behind him.

Dean blinks and looks away, Eddy suddenly too gruesome to handle, the thought of a human skull, empty eye sockets, gristle— He closes his eyes.

"Good?" Mike checks.

"Come on, baby," Dean begs. "Come on, give it to me, baby. I want it, baby, want your fat cock, God, yes, *fuck,* yes, deeper, please, deeper, *fuck!"*

Mike's balls slap against Dean's as he thrusts in, again again and again, so fucking good, and Dean wasn't the kind of guy to just lay there when he's with someone, but he finds himself sinking, head going blank, until his forehead is on the foot of Mike's mattress, one hand protecting the crown of his head from hitting the wall, the other balled in the sheets, his ass in the air, and it's all he can do to take it— all he needs to do is take it. Just breathing is enough, Like Mike's cock is charge of that, Mike's cock is in charge of everything, and for a moment Dean wishes Mike had just a touch of Rhonda in him, if he woulda just tied him up, Dean wouldn't have to feel guilty over just taking it like this— but the guilt passes, everything passes, Mike is gasping, moaning, cursing, Mike is having a great time just fucking Dean's ass— Dean talks, encourages, begs. He says filthy fucking things that make Mike grip his hips and thrust even harder, impossibly hard, until Dean's positively glowing from a point somewhere inside his ass, glowing, and it grows until it's behind his balls and in his stomach and he's gonna fucking come, fucking— but he's not—

Dean shudders with the force of it, washing through his head, he's gonna pass out— Mike lets him fall onto the mattress, onto his side, in the fetal position; Mike's in a hurry but Dean's barely conscious. He

observes like an outsider as Mike rushes to get his condom off, as he rubs one out quickly, as he comes on Dean's chest. Dean smiles as he feels the heat of come on his skin. Good for Mike, getting to come how he wanted. Good for both of them.

"Robert. Guy. Whatever your name is."

Dean comes to. He's curled up on the blankets. Mike's wiping him down with a damp towel. A shiver wracks through his body, then more.

"Fuck this fucking heater," Mike mutters, taking the towel away. "Always conking out. Sorry. Just hang in there a minute." Mike does something with the wall, and then he's back and manhandling Dean. Dean's too fucking cold to resist or comply— and then a warm blanket covers them both and Dean shivers again, leaning into Mike's warm body, shivers, shivers. He presses his face into Mike's chest—soft, like tits, but hairy. He breathes Mike's skin. He presses himself against Mike everywhere his body agrees to move. The blanket must be heated, because it's almost as warm as Mike. Soon, the air warms, too. The shivers pass.

"You alright?"

Dean nods into Mike's hairy tits.

"Want more water?"

Dean shakes his head. Too cold. He wants to stay like this. He wants to sleep like this.

"I, uh. I gotta get up early in the morning."

A hint. Dean's gotta wake up, gotta get moving. Get outta this guy's hair. The fuck was he even doing here in the first place?

"Do you have a place to stay?"

"Car," Dean grunts as he sits up and rummages for clothes.

"It's, like, ten degrees out there, man."

Dean shrugs. He'd drive, then. He'd figure it out.

"Look, you can stay here. It's totally fine. I'm just letting you know I'm

gonna have to get up early."

"'S fine," Dean insists, standing to put his boxers and jeans on. "I'll get coffee."

"Dude."

"Ain't my first rodeo. I'll be fine."

"Dude. Don't be a dick. You're gonna make me stay up all night wondering if you're still alive."

Dean frowns down at Mike. "I'm the dick?" Dean clarifies.

"If you go now, yeah."

Weird. Dean nods and swallows. Really weird. He slides his jeans back off and gets under the blanket, still in his boxers and flannel. Mike gets up and gets his own pajamas on. Dean watches him get ready for bed, the way he's got all his things efficiently packed into little cupboards and boxes. He takes Dean to the truck stop proper, where they piss and brush their teeth, then they head back to the truck.

"She got a name?" Dean asks as he settles into bed. There really isn't enough room for two people, or even just Mike, so they're forced to spoon. Dean's got his back against the wall and his front against a very warm man.

"Who?"

"Your truck."

"Robert Plant," Mike jokes sleepily.

Dean chuckles.

"And you?"

"Huh?"

"You got a name?"

Dean leans his forehead between Mike's shoulder blades. He's got no pillow, so his head's just resting on his own arm. The truck cab is warm and sweet, compared to the dry cold of winter outside. "Dean," he says. "Name's Dean."

“‘Night, Dean.”

“‘Night, Mikey.”

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